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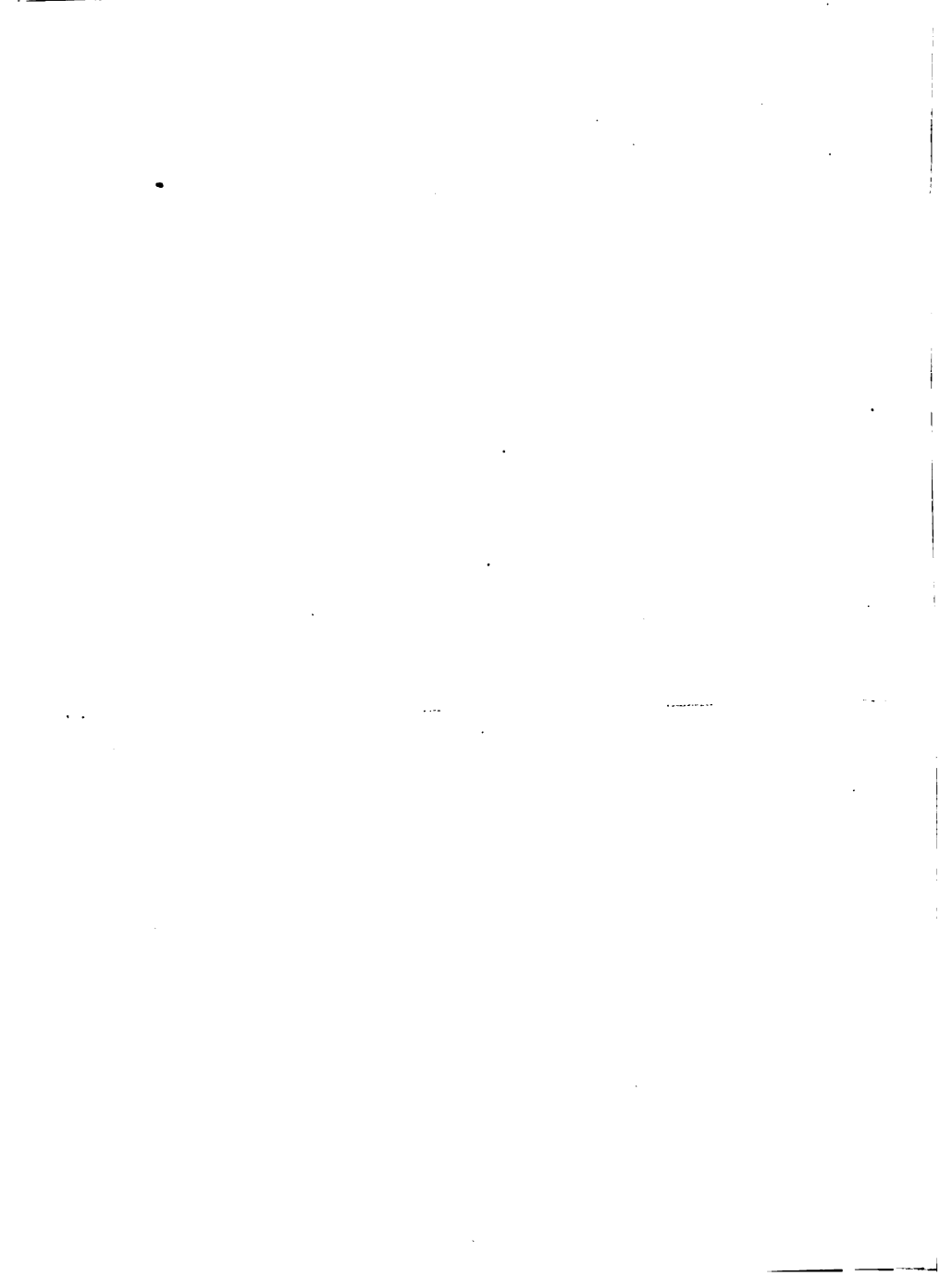
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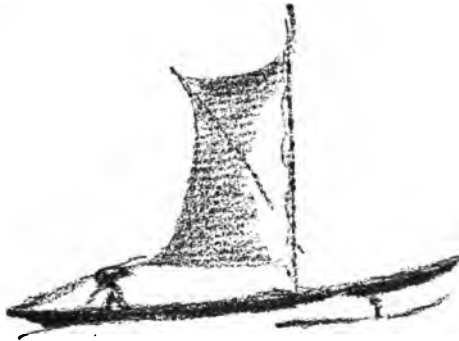


CHILDREN OF THE WORLD

PAZ AND PABLO

A STORY OF
TWO LITTLE FILIPINOS

BY
ADDIE F. MITCHELL
FORMERLY OF ~~THE~~ PHILIPPINES



Illustrated by Elias Goldberg

1917

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THE HOUSE OF APPLIED KNOWLEDGE

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This little book begins the Children of the World, a series of books for young readers which are designed to open up to them the study of geography and history as living subjects. Other volumes will be added to the series from time to time, until stories of the life of children in every land are told

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PAZ AND PABLO

CHAPTER I

PABLO AND THE MONEY BOX

PAZ and Pablo¹ were left all alone to take care of Little Sister while their parents went out in their banca,² or little boat, to catch fish.

“You must be good children,” their mother said when she went away, “and don’t let Little Sister get hurt.” And the children promised to be very good, indeed.

Paz and Pablo are two little children who live on one of the Philippine Islands, far away across the sea. It may seem that the children have queer names, but the people of their land do not speak the English language; if they did, Paz and Pablo would be Peace and Paul.

The children have dark skins, for they belong to the Malay, or Brown, race. Their eyes are dark and bright, and their hair is black and glossy as a raven’s wing. There is no winter in

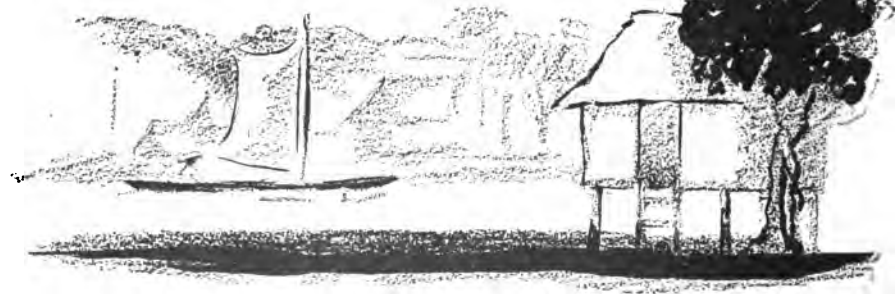
¹ The children’s names are pronounced Pahss and Pah’blo.

² Bahn’ka.

their island home, and it is warm all the year; so Paz and Pablo do not need to wear many clothes. Pablo's short trousers are of cotton, and his shirt is of abacá cloth, which is woven from the fiber taken out of the long abacá leaves. The dress that Paz wears is made of gay-colored cotton, bought at the Chinese store.

The house in which the children live is built of bamboo sticks, covered with the long, thick leaves of the nipa palm. The nipa leaves are folded over the sticks, one overlapping another; and they are kept in place by sewing them with strips of rattan. It is done as if one were to take sumach leaves and sew them over twigs with stems of grass for thread. But the nipa leaves are much longer than sumach leaves, and the rattan used is much thicker than grass stems.

When enough of these strips are made, they are tied to large bamboo poles, which make the framework of the house. Strips of rattan are used to tie them, for rattan strings are good and stout. The nipa strips are put on the tops and on the sides of the houses, as shingles are put on our roofs. This nipa thatch makes

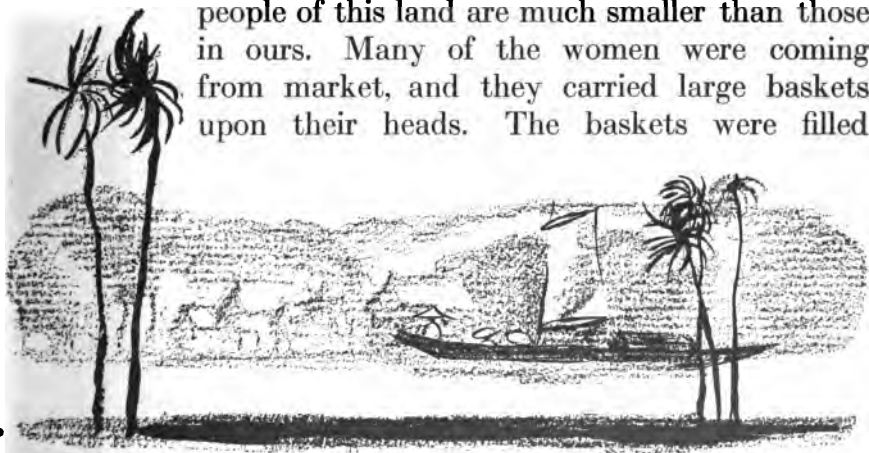


a very good covering and serves quite well to keep out the rain.

The house rests upon high posts driven into the ground, and it is tied to these posts with strips of rattan. The floor is made of strips of bamboo, and these strips, also, are tied in place. Indeed, no nails were used when the house where Paz and Pablo live was built.

When the children's father and mother had gone, Paz carried Little Sister to the window to watch them get into their banca. There was no glass at the window through which the children looked. The windows were merely openings in the wall. Over them were awnings of woven bamboo to keep out the rain. And in some seasons of the year it rains very hard indeed in their island home.

The scene upon which the children looked would be strange to us. The men and women going to and fro would seem small, for the people of this land are much smaller than those in ours. Many of the women were coming from market, and they carried large baskets upon their heads. The baskets were filled



with fish, or with queer-looking vegetables, or with fruits. There were men who wore odd-shaped hats, and they carried long poles over their shoulders, with a load at each end of the pole. There were boys and girls with long, hollow bamboo poles filled with water from the well. Ducks waddled through the pools of water that stood in the streets. Children ran and played. Dogs barked, and hens cackled to their broods to come away from the feet of the passers-by.

Down the street the bay could be seen, with a fringe of tall coconut trees upon the shore. Small vessels of many kinds were moving to and fro upon the water. The children saw their father and mother climb into the banca and watched them row far out toward the sun.

When Little Sister could no longer see them, she began to cry. Pablo brought his rattan ball for her to play with, but she took it into her little chubby hands and threw it upon the floor and cried harder than ever.

"Oh, see, see, Little Sister! See the pretty pigs and the chickens, and the geese and the



little white doggy here under the floor!" said Paz.

She knelt as she spoke and pointed through the cracks in the bamboo floor. There on the ground the pigs and the chickens, the geese and the dog, all could be seen running about and hunting crumbs of rice and fish. Little Sister stopped crying and looked through the floor.

Then the white dog ran up to the geese and barked at them, and the geese said, "Quack! quack!" and ran away as fast as they could. This made Little Sister laugh and clap her hands in glee. She began to jabber to them in her baby talk and forgot all about her father and mother out in their banca upon the sea. Then she played with Pablo's ball for a while; but at last she grew sleepy, and Paz laid her gently upon a mat in the corner. The mat was a pretty one. Their mother had woven it of palm leaves and had filled it with cotton that the children had picked from the cotton tree.

"Now that Little Sister is asleep," said Paz, "let us hull the rice and get it all ready before father and mother come home."



So the children took some palay¹ in a basket and ran down the ladder that served for steps to the house. There, under the house, stood the rice mortar. They poured the rice into two bowls that were hollowed out, side by side, in the solid piece of wood. Then they took some heavy wooden pounders and pounded the rice for a long time. They became very tired, and their shoulders and arms ached before all the hulls were broken.

"Let us put it into the nigo,² now," said Paz.

Pablo brought a long, oval-shaped tray made of woven bamboo, which they call the nigo. They emptied the rice into it and carried it out where a strong breeze was blowing from the sea. They shook the nigo gently up and

¹ Pah-li' is unhulled rice, with the brownish-yellow husk still on.

² Nē'go.



down until the wind had blown all the husks away and nothing was left but the clean white grains of rice.

Pablo then went out and gathered some dry leaves and twigs for fuel, and the children went up into the house again and built a fire in the stove.

Perhaps it would be better to say they built a fire *on* the stove, instead of *in* it. For their stove was a very odd one. It was just a big box filled with sand. There were some stones on top laid around in circles, and it was in one of these circles that Paz and Pablo built their fire.

"I hope Father and Mother will catch lots of fish today," said Pablo as he watched the rice beginning to boil.

"I hope so, too. I hope they will have enough to eat, and lots besides to sell," said



Paz. "Mother needs a new camisa,¹ and it will take a peso² to buy it. There are only sixty centavos³ in the little tin box, and it will take forty centavos more to make one peso."

As she spoke, Pablo glanced up at the little tin box that was on a shelf over the window. Then a queer look came into his face.

"Does Mother need a new camisa very much?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed," answered Paz; "her old one isn't pretty enough to wear to church any more."

Pablo said nothing, but still looked at the little tin box. Paz gazed lovingly upon Little Sister as she lay asleep, but Pablo looked only at the little tin box.

"Paz," he said after he had been silent for a long time, "they have some nice sugarcane over at Juan's⁴ store, and they have some bod-bod,⁵ too."

¹ Cah-mee'sa. ² Pay'so. ³ Sen-tah'vō. ⁴ Hwahn.

⁵ Bod-bod is made of sweetened rice, formed into sticks about the length and thickness of a finger.

"Have they?" said Paz. "That is nice. I hope they will sell it all very quickly. Look at Little Sister — doesn't she look sweet?"

But Pablo did not seem to hear a word Paz said. "Yes," he went on, "the sugarcane is fine and the bod-bod is, too. I haven't had any dulce¹ for years and years."

Now Pablo was mistaken about this, for he was not "years and years" old.

"Well, Pablo," replied his sister, "there is no money to buy sugarcane with, so you may as well not think of it."

Pablo still looked at the little tin box. "I am hungry," he whined, "and there *is* money to buy sugarcane and bod-bod."

"Why, Pablo," said Paz in a shocked voice, "you don't mean the money in that box!"

"Yes," said Pablo, and he tried to look very bold.

"But that isn't our money, Pablo, and it is to buy a camisa for Mother."

¹ Dool'sě, sweet; the general word for coconut cake, rice sticks, strips of sugarcane, and other sweet things that take the place of candy with Filipino children.



"I don't care; Mother can wait. I am hungry. I'm so hungry, Paz, that I am growing weak. I can hardly walk or sit up. See how weak I am!" and Pablo lay down on the bamboo floor and groaned as if he were in great distress.

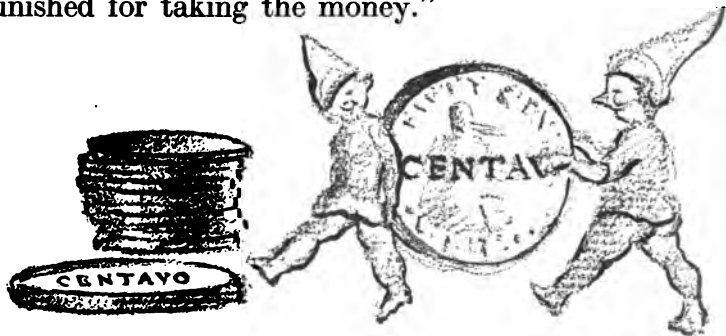
"Nonsense, Pablo!" said Paz, "you are not so hungry as that. Get up and let us play with the top till the rice is done, and then you can eat all you want."

"But I don't want rice. I want sugarcane and bod-bod," said Pablo, groaning louder than ever.

"But bod-bod is rice, too, Brother," said Paz, "and you can live without sugarcane, can't you?"

"But bod-bod is *sweetened* rice, Paz. I must have some sugarcane, too. I am getting weaker and weaker."

"Well, if you take the money out of the box, Pablo, and spend it for dulce, you will steal; and then you will be a thief, and you don't want to be a thief, do you, Pablo? And Mother will not get her camisa so soon. And besides, you will be punished for taking the money."



"But we won't tell them, Paz, and they may forget how many centavos there are. Anyway, I must have my dulce," and Pablo went to get the little tin box from the shelf.

But Paz saw what he was going to do, and she climbed up on a bench and, taking down the box, held it tightly with her hands behind her back. "You are a naughty boy," she cried, "and you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Pablo Plaza, so you ought!"

Then Pablo forgot all about being weak and faint, and he screamed, and fought Paz, and tried to take the box away. They made so much noise that they wakened Little Sister, and she rolled off her sleeping-mat and began to cry very hard.

Then the bench upon which Paz was standing tumbled over and she fell to the floor, but with the precious box still clenched in her hands. Pablo threw himself upon her and struggled to get the money. He was determined that he would open the box, and Paz was determined that he should not.

Little Sister became very much frightened and

cried with all her might. She had never seen her brother and sister fight before. Perhaps she thought they were hurting each other very much, for she began to crawl towards them across the bamboo floor.

Then a terrible thing happened. The open doorway was close by, and the little brown midget fell out. She fell down the bamboo ladder to the street below, — down, down she went, and Paz and Pablo heard her frightened scream as she fell, and the thump of her little body as it reached the ground.

It seemed to Paz and Pablo as if their hearts had become quite still and did not beat any more. They loved Little Sister very dearly, and now they feared she was killed. They sprang to their feet and cried, "Oh! oh! Little Sister! Little Sister!"

The little tin box fell to the floor, and the

centavos scattered in every direction. Some of them fell through the cracks, but neither Paz nor Pablo thought about the centavos now.

At the foot of the ladder Little Sister lay in a huddled heap, but she was quite silent.

"She is dead! Oh, Little Sister! What shall we do?" cried Paz, and both children thought they would die of grief.

Some people who were passing in the street picked Little Sister up before Paz and Pablo could reach her. Then she began to cry again, for she had not been killed, as the children feared. She had only been stunned by the fall. But there was a great, ugly bump on the dear little forehead.

Paz took Little Sister in her arms and tried to quiet her. Pablo patted her on her back, and both were saying over and over, "There,



there, dear Little Sister, don't cry any more, don't cry, don't!" when they saw coming towards them the most wonderful woman they had ever seen in all their lives. The Wonderful Woman's face was white, and her hair was brown, and it curled about her forehead in a way that they had not known hair could curl. She was dressed so oddly, too, it seemed to them; but they thought it a very pretty way to dress.

Their mother wore a long skirt that was gay with big flowers or with broad stripes, and her camisa was made from abacá cloth. The camisa was very stiff and the short sleeves stood out large and round. She wore a stiff kerchief folded around her neck, and red chinelas,¹ or little toe slippers, upon her bare feet. She had big gold rings in her ears, and on Sunday mornings, when she went to church, she put a black lace scarf over her head. Then the children thought there was no other woman so beautiful as she.

But the Wonderful Woman was not dressed in this way. The children could only gaze at

¹ Chi-nay'la.

her with wide eyes, and they almost forgot the troubles of Little Sister.

"It's the new Americana¹ that is going to teach us," whispered Pablo's chum, Juan. Juan had been sitting in his father's store when he saw Little Sister fall, and had run over to see if she was hurt.

The Wonderful Woman had been going down the street, but she stopped when she saw the big purple bump on Little Sister's forehead. "That's too bad," she said in a kind way. "Keep a cloth dipped in cold water upon her forehead, and I think it will not hurt very long."

She smoothed back the hair from Little Sister's eyes, and called her a "dear little lady-bug," and other funny names, till Little Sister began to laugh. Then the Wonderful Woman walked away.

The children had not been able to understand her very well, but Juan's sister, Luisa, told them what she said. Luisa had been to school in a large city called Manila, many miles away. There she had studied English, and it was English that the Americana spoke.

¹ A-me-ri-cah'na.

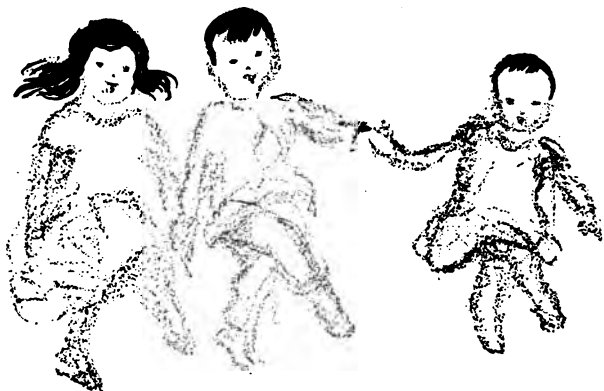


The children carried Little Sister up the bamboo ladder and at once tied a wet cloth upon her forehead. They were glad that the Wonderful Woman had told them what to do.

But Little Sister had been badly frightened, and now that the Wonderful Woman was not there, she began to cry again. She cried for a long time, while Pablo carried her back and forth across the room in his arms.

Just as her sobs had ended, the little nipa house began to shake and tremble, and the cups and pans rattled about and made a big noise. Then the pretty shells that the children had gathered fell from the shelf to the floor with a clatter.

The children knew at once what had happened. It was an earthquake.



Now for the Ongloc Man



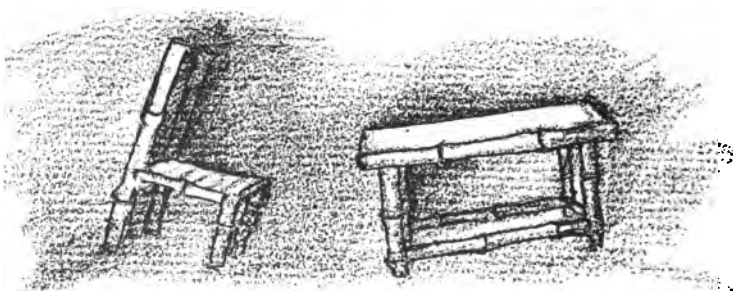
CHAPTER II

THE STORY OF QUICOY AND THE COCONUT

EARTHQUAKES are quite common in the land of Paz and Pablo. But the people have built their houses in such a manner that the earthquakes are little feared. The posts upon which the houses rest are driven very deep into the ground, so that they are not easily shaken down. Even were the houses to fall upon their heads, it is not likely that the people would be hurt, for bamboo, nipa, and rattan are all very light.

This shock that came while Father and Mother were out in their banca was a harder one than usual, and everything rattled about in a very lively way. Had there been more furniture in the house, the clatter would have been greater than it was. But there was very little furniture. There was only one chair. The white padre,¹ or priest, from over the sea sat upon this chair when he came to see them.

¹ Pah'drě.



But the family sat upon little bamboo benches, or squatted upon the floor.

There was a tiny mirror upon the wall. It began to sway and pitch forward; then it fell and broke into many pieces on the floor.

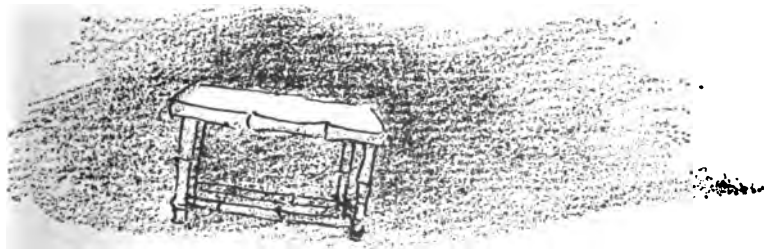
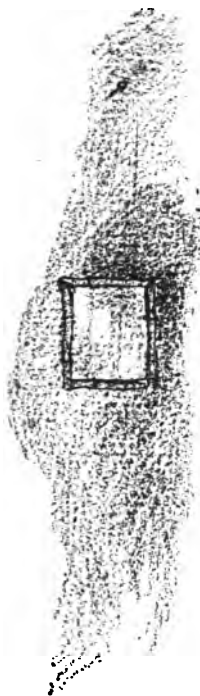
The shock was soon over and everything was still once more. Poor Paz was very sorry when she saw the broken mirror. She was not a vain little girl, but still she liked to see herself in the glass when she had put on a clean frock and brushed the hair from her large dark eyes.

She soon dried her tears, for Filipino children learn very quickly that it does no good to cry. Perhaps there are no children in the world that learn this lesson so well as they.

"We will take the pieces of glass down and throw them into the sea," said Paz. "Then no one will step upon them and be hurt."

This was very thoughtful of Paz, for many grown persons, as well as children, go barefoot in that land.

The sun had dropped low, and it was almost time for their parents to come home. Little



Sister had gone to sleep again, and the children were sitting beside her. Pablo became very silent, and a troubled look came into his face. He knew it was all his fault that Little Sister had been hurt, and he feared he would be punished.

"Paz," he said, after he had considered the matter for some time, "let's tell Father and Mother that the looking-glass fell on Little Sister and made that bump."

Paz was indignant that her brother had thought of anything so bad.

"Indeed I will not," she said quickly.

"But they'll whip me, Paz, you know they will."

"Well, you deserve to be whipped. You know you do. Take your whipping like a man, Pablo, and get done with it. Anyway, I wouldn't lie about it. A lie hurts worse on the inside than forty whippings do on the outside."



"But you have never been whipped forty times, Paz, so you don't know," he said.

"But I do know," she answered, "for I have told a lie, and I know forty whippings couldn't hurt so much."

Pablo mused awhile and then said, "Well, perhaps I had better tell the truth. The Ongloc man might get me if I didn't."

"The Ongloc man!" exclaimed Paz in scorn. "There isn't any such thing as the Ongloc man. You are getting too big to believe that. But you ought not to be wicked because — because it is wicked to be wicked."

"But there must be an Ongloc man, Paz," insisted Pablo. "Don't you remember about Quicoy?¹ How could the Ongloc man get Quicoy if there wasn't any Ongloc man? Now, you just tell me that." Pablo looked quite as if he had won a victory.

"But the Ongloc man did not get Quicoy,

¹ Kee-koy'.



Pablo. That story is just all made up and is not true."

While they were talking about the Ongloc man, wee little Pilar,¹ a neighbor's daughter, came in. She looked at Pablo with wide eyes.

"Who are the Ongloc man and Quicoy?" she asked. "Tell me about them."

So Pablo told Pilar this story of the Ongloc man and Quicoy.

"Once there was a little boy named Quicoy. He was a very careless little boy. Sometimes, when he caught a lot of fish, he would put them where the dogs or cats would find them, and eat them up.

"And sometimes he would not look where he was going, and would stumble over the bamboo poles filled with water, and let the water all spill out. Then his father or mother would have to go to the well and get some more. This would make them very angry.

"And almost every day he would upset the kettle of rice or the basket of corn, or drop

¹ Pi-lar'.



the coconut shell filled with tuba.¹ Or he would lose centavos if he were sent to a store to buy things. One time, he dropped one of his mother's chinelas down the well. He was always doing things like that. His father and mother whipped him and whipped him, to make him more careful, but it did no good. He just kept on growing more careless every day.

"One night he was playing with his pet cat, when he ran over the jar of coconut oil, and every drop ran out. There was not any left to make a light, not even a little bit of a light. His mother became very angry, indeed, for she did not like to go to bed in the dark.

"'You are the most careless boy in the whole village,' she declared.

"Then she went to the window and leaned out and cried: 'Ongloc, Ongloc, come and get Quicoy. Eat him up quickly. He is a very bad little boy.'

"Now, Quicoy's mother did not believe there was any such thing as an Ongloc man. If she had believed in him, she would not have

¹ Too'ba, a drink made from the juice taken from coconut trees.



asked him to come and eat up her little boy. She only did this to frighten Quicoy, and to see if it would not make him more careful.

"But Quicoy knew that there was an Ongloc man, because the other boys had told him there was, and when he heard his mother call this to the Ongloc, he was so frightened that he trembled all over like a leaf. He nearly dropped to the floor, he was so scared.

"The Ongloc man is a great big giant. He lives all alone in a cave in the mountain. He goes out every night and looks for bad boys and girls, and he turns them into coconuts. He takes them into his cave and puts them on a long shelf, and when he becomes hungry, he eats them. He does not eat coconuts that grow upon trees; they must first be bad boys or girls.

"No wonder Quicoy was scared. Anyone would have been scared. He was so scared that he never slept a wink that night. As soon as it was light, he got up from his mat in the corner and slipped out of the house.

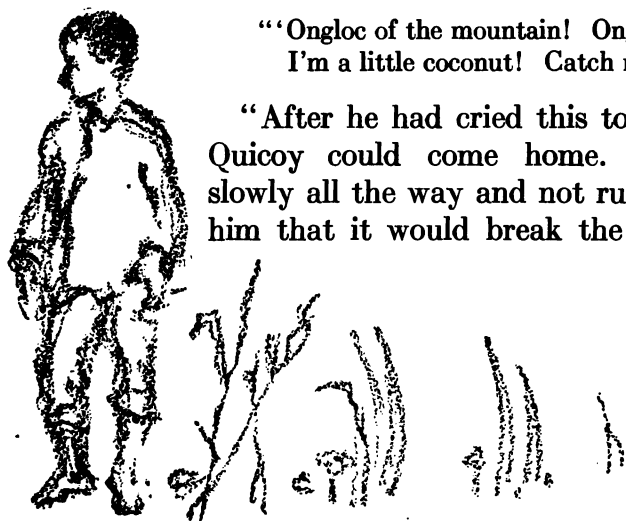
"He ran to the spring where he knew he should find some big boys. It was here that



they came with their bamboo poles for water. Quicoy told them all about his trouble and how afraid he was of the Ongloc man. They told him he need not be afraid any more, for they would tell him of a charm that would keep the Ongloc man away. As soon as it was dark, he was to go to the coconut grove down by the sea. He must not take anyone with him, for unless he were quite alone, the charm would not work. He must choose two trees standing in a line, and he must dig a hole under each of the trees. Then he must climb up and get the very highest coconut he could find. He must split the coconut in two pieces, right in the middle. Then he must bury one half in one of the holes and the other half in the other hole. After he had done this, he must stand still and cry very loudly:

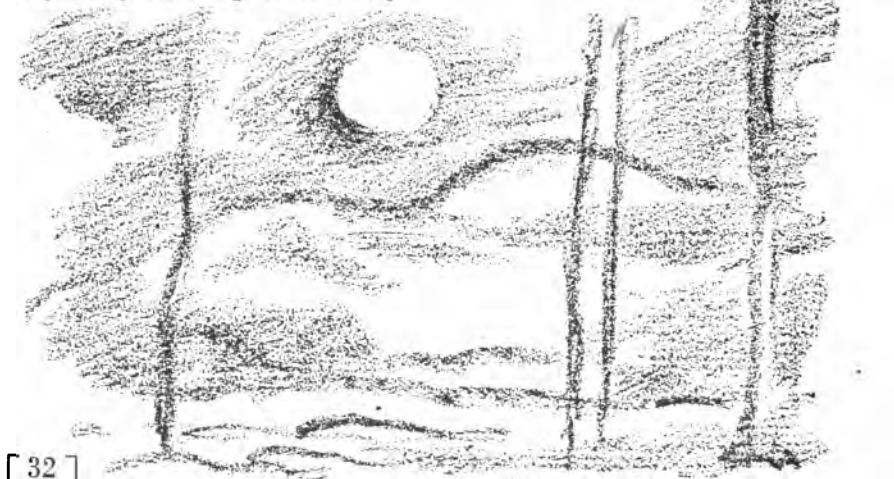
“Ongloc of the mountain! Ongloc, ugly man!
I'm a little coconut! Catch me if you can!”


“After he had cried this to the Ongloc man, Quicoy could come home. He must walk slowly all the way and not run. The boys told him that it would break the charm if he ran.



They told him there was no danger — that he would not be caught. The Ongloc man, they said, would have to run between the two halves of the coconut, for the charm would make him do this. And when he did, the two halves would spring up and snap together with a terrible click, and the Ongloc man would be caught inside. The coconut would then rise up and go back and fasten itself on the tree. And the Ongloc man would have to stay there, shut up in that coconut, for one hundred years.

“The boys told Quicoy that the charm would be very easy to try; but it did not seem so easy to Quicoy as it did to them. Quicoy was not so big as these boys, and he could not climb the tall trees so well as they did, and he did not like to go out all alone in the dark. But he was so scared about the Ongloc man that he thought he would be willing to do almost anything to keep him away.



A vertical illustration on the left side of the page shows a person climbing a tall coconut tree. The person is positioned about halfway up the trunk, with their hands and feet visible as they grip the bark. The tree trunk is textured with horizontal lines representing the bark. At the very top of the tree, a small figure is visible, possibly another person or a bird. The background is plain white.

“When Quicoy started home from the well, the boys called him back and told him that he must be very careful not to run between the two halves of the coconut himself, for if he did, the same terrible thing would happen to him that was to happen to the Ongloc man. Quicoy said he was very sure he would never run between the two halves.

“That night, when no one was looking, Quicoy took his father’s bolo¹ and slipped out of doors. He ran to the little grove of coconut trees and dug two holes in the ground with the bolo. He did just as the boys told him to do. He dug one hole under one tree, and another hole under another tree.

“Then he climbed a tree and got the highest coconut he could find. He had a very hard time trying to climb that tree. It was the

¹ Bō’lō, a long, broad-bladed knife, used instead of a hatchet.

highest tree you ever saw, Pilar. It was higher than the mountain we saw when we went over to Dinagat¹ in the banca.

"Quicoy kept slipping back, and slipping back, till his knees were all skinned and bleeding. But he kept thinking of that awful Ongloc man and kept trying and trying until at last he got the coconut.

"He cut off the husk with his bolo, and split it in two. One half he buried in one hole, and the other half in the other hole, just as the boys had told him to do.

"When he had buried both halves, he cried out loudly to the Ongloc man:

"Ongloc of the mountain! Ongloc, ugly man!
I'm a little coconut! Catch me if you can!"

"Quicoy's heart was beating very loudly when he started to walk away. Then he heard the Ongloc man running after him, and Quicoy was so scared that he forgot all about what the boys had told him, and he began to run as fast as he could. He ran here, and there, and everywhere, and around and around.

¹ Din-a-gaht'.



"But suddenly he felt the clutch of the Ongloc's hand upon his shoulder, and something like a dark wall came up on both sides of him. All at once, Quicoy felt himself growing smaller and smaller, until he was no larger than a lizard. The two walls on each side came together with a snap, and Quicoy was shut up inside of the coconut that he had cut into halves!

"He had been so scared that he had run right between the two holes. If he had run around them, instead of between them, he would have been safe. But Quicoy would never remember to be careful when he was *not* scared, so he *could* not remember to be careful when he *was* scared.

"After he was pressed into the coconut, he felt himself rising into the air. He rose till he had reached the top of the tree he had climbed. There the coconut, with Quicoy inside, was fastened again into its place.

"The Ongloc man screamed in fury and jumped up and down till the earth shook. But he couldn't get Quicoy now. He never could get coconuts. He could get only bad



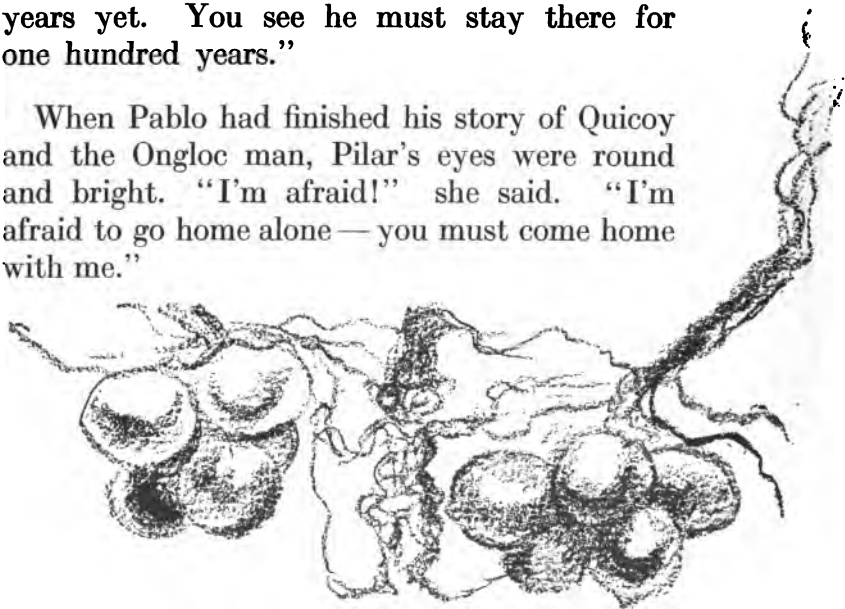
boys and girls. So after a while he went back to his cave in the mountains.

"Quicoy knocked on the shell of the coconut all that night, and all the next day, and the next night, and all the next month, and the next year, and he is knocking there yet. But no one ever comes to let him out.

"His parents did not know what had become of him. They thought perhaps the Moros had carried him off. The boys who had told him of the charm did not say anything about it. They feared people would think they did wrong to send Quicoy out alone at night.

"And so Quicoy has never got out of his shell. Sometime he can come out and come down to the ground again. But not for many years yet. You see he must stay there for one hundred years."

When Pablo had finished his story of Quicoy and the Ongloc man, Pilar's eyes were round and bright. "I'm afraid!" she said. "I'm afraid to go home alone — you must come home with me."



"Nonsense! There is nothing to be afraid of, Pilar," said Paz. "But Pablo will go home with you, anyway. You must remember that the story is not true, it is just made up."

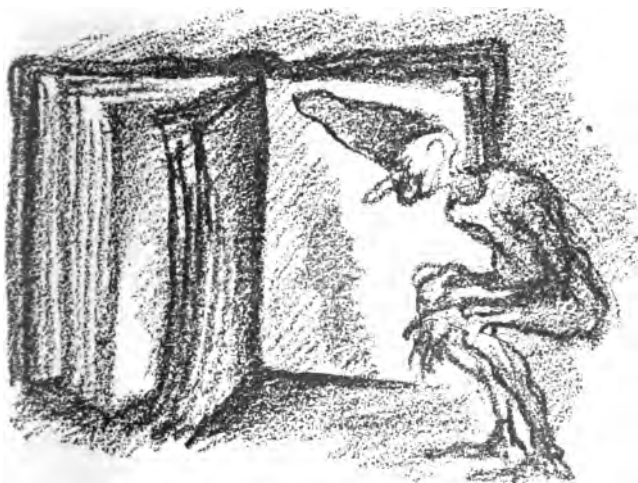
"But Paz," insisted Pablo, "you can hear Quicoy knocking inside the coconut. You can hear him often. I can."

"How silly!" replied Paz. "It is the wind you hear. It blows the trees about, and it is the hard shells knocking together that make the noise you hear. It is not Quicoy."

"I believe it is Quicoy," said Pablo.

"I know it is not," said Paz. "It is the wind."

Now Paz had been to school more than Pablo, and she was older and wiser. So Paz was the one that was right, and Pablo was wrong.





CHAPTER III

IN THE EVENING

WHEN the sleeping trees were going to bed that night, the children's parents came home. In the country where Paz and Pablo live, there are many trees that are called the sleeping trees. They are acacias. Just at sunset they fold their leaves and let them droop downward as if fast asleep. Paz has a pretty fancy that they say their prayers at night. When the sun rises in the morning, the leaves unfold as if they were opening their eyes, and the trees are wide awake all through the day.

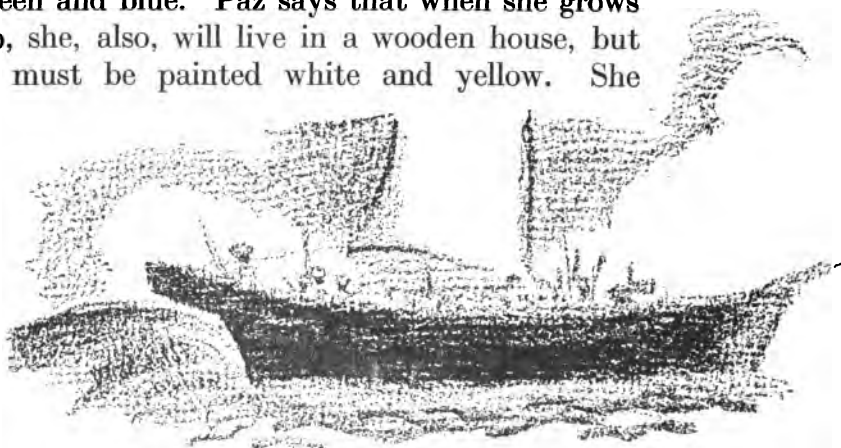
The street upon which Paz and Pablo live is lined on each side by these trees. They are quite large, and their branches meet overhead; thus they form a good shelter from the hot rays of the sun.

The trunks are kept white with a wash of lime water. This is done because the dreadful Moros cannot hide behind white trees so well as behind dark ones. White makes a background against which objects are more easily seen.

The Moros are a tribe who live in the south-

ern part of the Philippine Islands. They used to come up from the south in their long boats, and at one time the people feared them and their raids as the people of America feared the Indians in the long ago. The Moros no longer come and make trouble, as they once did, but the older people can tell many dreadful tales about the deeds of this warlike tribe.

The street is paved with white coral, or broken shells from the sea. It is a very wide street, and the houses stand close together on each side. Most of the houses are built of bamboo and nipa, but there are some built of wood. These are often painted in bright colors. Some have sliding shutters of wood, with small panes of mother-of-pearl. The people who live in houses like these have more money than the parents of Paz and Pablo. Pablo says that when he grows up, he will not live in a nipa house; he will have a wooden one, painted green and blue. Paz says that when she grows up, she, also, will live in a wooden house, but it must be painted white and yellow. She



always adds that she is going to have a piano, like Rosario, the daughter of the presidente¹; for little brown children in this far-off land like to build air castles as well as children in our own country.

The father and mother had caught a great many fish that day. When they came into the house, Little Sister was sleeping on her mat in the corner. Pablo hoped they would not see the bump on her forehead, as it was dark, and their light was not a very bright one. But mothers have sharp eyes when anything is wrong with their babies.

"Why, what made that bump?" their mother asked. At first, both children were silent, for Pablo did not like to tell on himself, and Paz did not like to tell on her brother.

"Tell me," their mother said very firmly. "What made it, Paz?"

"Ask Pablo, Mother," Paz replied.

Pablo hung his head and told all about how naughty he had been. His mother was very sorry, for mothers everywhere are sorry when their children do wrong.

¹ Prě-sí-den'tě, mayor.

"You have been a bad boy today, Pablo," she said, "and to punish you, you cannot have a banana for your supper tonight."

"Oh, Mother!" exclaimed Paz in distress; for she felt as badly as Pablo did, that he could not have a banana.

Just the day before, the children had cut down a branch of bananas that grew close to their window. Most of them had been sold at the little store kept by Juan's father, but a few had been kept. The children's parents were too poor for the family to have all the bananas that they would like to eat.

Pablo could scarcely keep back the tears when he found he was to have no banana for his supper. Paz, with a heavy heart, helped her mother prepare the evening meal. The father was at market, where he had taken most of the fish they had caught.

At last Paz said, "Mother, if Pablo will



promise to be very good, will you let him have a banana for supper?"

Mother was silent for a moment, and then she said, "If Pablo is sorry that he was so bad, and will try to be better, he may have a banana."

Paz danced with joy as she ran to find her brother. She soon came back with beaming face and said, "Pablo is very sorry, Mother. He says so. He says he is going to be very good, now, really and truly, he is. Aren't you glad about it, Mother?" And Mother was very glad.

The father came soon, and said he had been able to sell all the fish he had taken to market. There now was no happier family in the whole village than this.

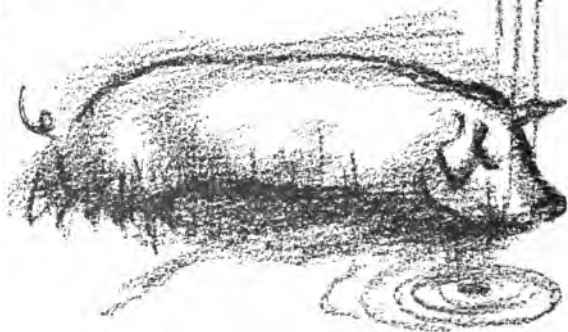
Mother took the kettle of rice and the fish she had cooked, and put them on the floor. Paz counted out four bananas and placed

them on a tin plate, and this also she put on the floor, beside the rice and the fish.

Supper was now ready, and they began their meal. They used no knives, forks, or spoons; it was the custom among all their friends to eat in this manner, so to them it did not seem at all a strange way. It was only people who had a great deal of money, like the presidente, that ate at tables and had knives and forks.

When they had finished their supper, Paz carried the empty pans to the little back porch and washed them. She used no cloth, but washed them with her hands alone. Then she set them on a rack to dry. When she was done, she emptied the dishwater upon the bamboo floor, and let it run through the cracks. A little pig was sleeping on the ground below, and the water ran down on its nose. It only grunted and went on sleeping as sweetly as before.

Paz did not know that this was the wrong way to keep house. All her friends lived in this manner, and she had never learned that it was a very bad way, indeed.



While Paz was doing her work, her parents and Pablo went out and sat on the front porch and lighted their cigars. In their island home a great deal of tobacco is raised, and not only men smoke, but women and children, too, for they have some strange customs in the land of Paz and Pablo. All this is changing as they learn more of the ways of other lands. Paz did not like to smoke, but when her work was done, she came out and sat with the others and watched the fireflies.

"It looks as if a lot of stars had dropped down and were playing in the leaves there," she said.

"There are forty millions in that mango tree," said Pablo.

"Did you count them?" asked Paz. "That would be a big number to count, don't you think?" and they all laughed.

"Did I ever tell you how the fireflies came by their lights?" asked Mother.

"No, Mother, tell it to us, please," the children said. They never grew tired of Mother's stories, and she was fond of telling them.

"Once upon a time," she began, "there was a great king of the air. He had a ring that was of great value, and one day it was lost. The king was terribly angry, for he thought it was stolen. He gave an order that all his subjects should give up everything else and hunt for the ring.

"And whoever finds it,' said the king, 'shall be given anything' that he asks for. As long as he or any of his family lives, my gift shall live, too.'

"So all his subjects everywhere went on a search for the ring. They went off in every direction to hunt for it, and the king was left all alone on his throne.

"At last the king noticed a fly buzzing around his head. This put him in a great rage.

"What are you doing here?' he asked. 'Why are you not hunting for my ring with all the others?' And the king was going to kill the fly.

"But the fly said, 'I have found your ring. I see it now. It is caught in your crown.'



"The king took off his crown, and sure enough, there was the ring! It had fallen down there among some jewels. The king was greatly pleased. He said, 'Now I will keep my promise. What shall I give you?'

"The fly said, 'O king, I should like to go out at night when it is nice and cool, but I cannot see well in the dark. Give me, I pray you, a light.'

"And the king answered, 'I will.'

"And he did. He fastened a light upon the fly, and the fly has had it ever since; and all his family have their lights."

"That is a very nice story," said Paz.

"I think so, too," said Pablo, "but I don't like it so well as the stories about the Moros."

"I don't like to hear about the Moros," said Paz. "It makes little creeps go all over me, and I don't like creeps."

"Pooh!" sniffed Pablo. "That's because you are a girl."

"Listen!" said their father. "There comes the town crier."

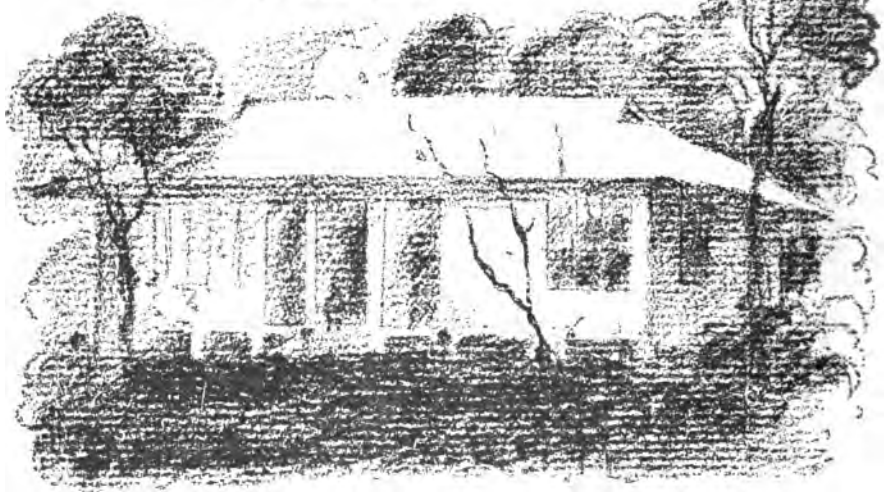
The sound of a drum and the tramp of many feet were heard. There are no newspapers published in that town. When there is anything the people ought to know, a man goes through the town and cries out the news from the corners of the streets. A man with a drum goes with him and beats upon the drum to call the people together.

Father now went to the corner to hear the news, and Pablo went along. Mother and Paz tried to hear what was said, but they were too far away.

"I believe it is something about the school," said Mother.

"I hope it is to tell the people to keep their carabaos¹ away from the schoolhouse grounds," said Paz. "They have trampled down all the flowers we set out last year. I hate carabaos.

¹ Kah-rah-bah'o.

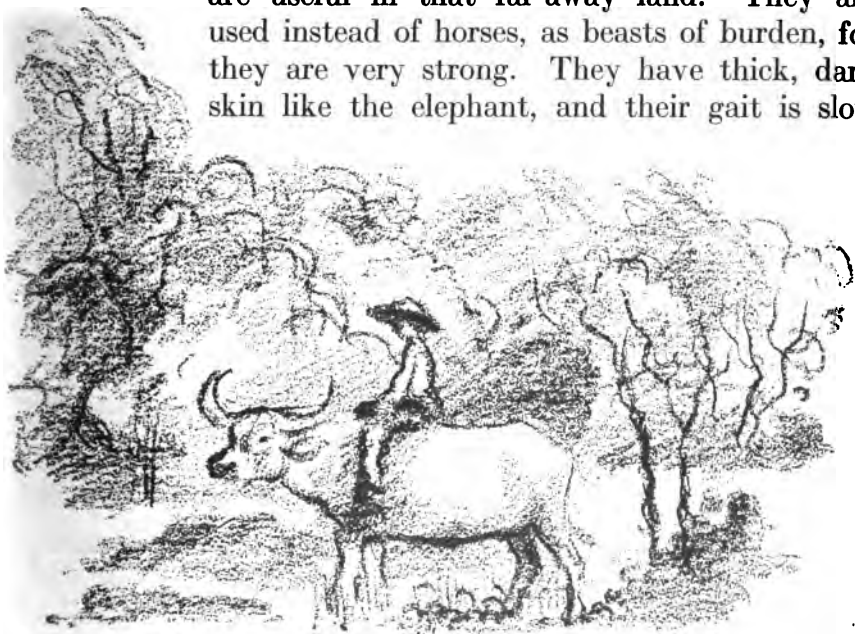


They are so ugly. I should not care if there were not a carabao in the world."

"Hush, child! You don't know what you are saying," said her mother in a shocked voice. "If it were not for the carabaos, how should we get the ground ready for hemp and rice? And carabaos pull the carts, and give us milk to drink, and food to eat."

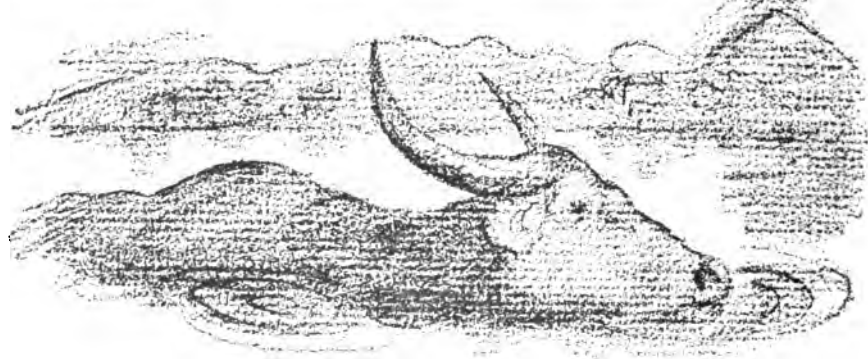
Paz hung her head in shame. "That is true, Mother; I did not think. But it is too bad to have our flowers destroyed. We girls are so sorry about them. I wish the carabaos could be kept away from the schoolhouse. And they *are* ugly."


Paz was right. Carabaos are ugly, but they are useful in that far-away land. They are used instead of horses, as beasts of burden, for they are very strong. They have thick, dark skin like the elephant, and their gait is slow



and plodding like that of the ox. They are called the water buffalo, and this is a very good name for them, because they like to wade, or wallow, in the water and mud. If they cannot do this often, they are likely to become crazed, and in their rage will sometimes trample people and kill them. However, as it rains so much in these islands, there is always plenty of water and mud, and the carabaos can have as much as they wish. That is, they can if the drivers are careful to think of it, and usually they are. They stop sometimes every two or three miles to give the carabao a chance to take its queer bath.

The roads in many places are but little wider than paths, and they are covered with soft mud and water. Horses could not carry loads over such roads. They could scarcely walk over them without becoming mired in the mud. This is the reason why carabaos are used instead of horses. The carabao is driven by means of a string tied to a ring through the nostrils.



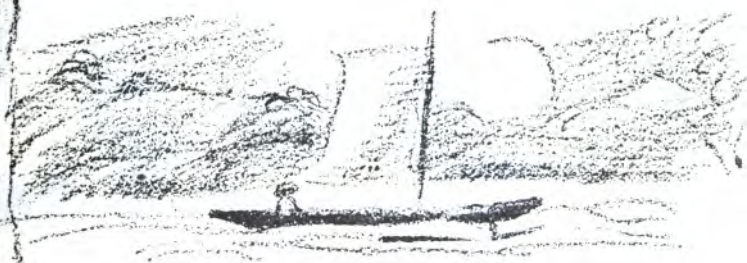


To make a journey of, perhaps, six or eight miles in a carabao cart would take all day long. This seems like very slow traveling, but the people in the land of Paz and Pablo are seldom in a hurry, so it does not matter much to them.

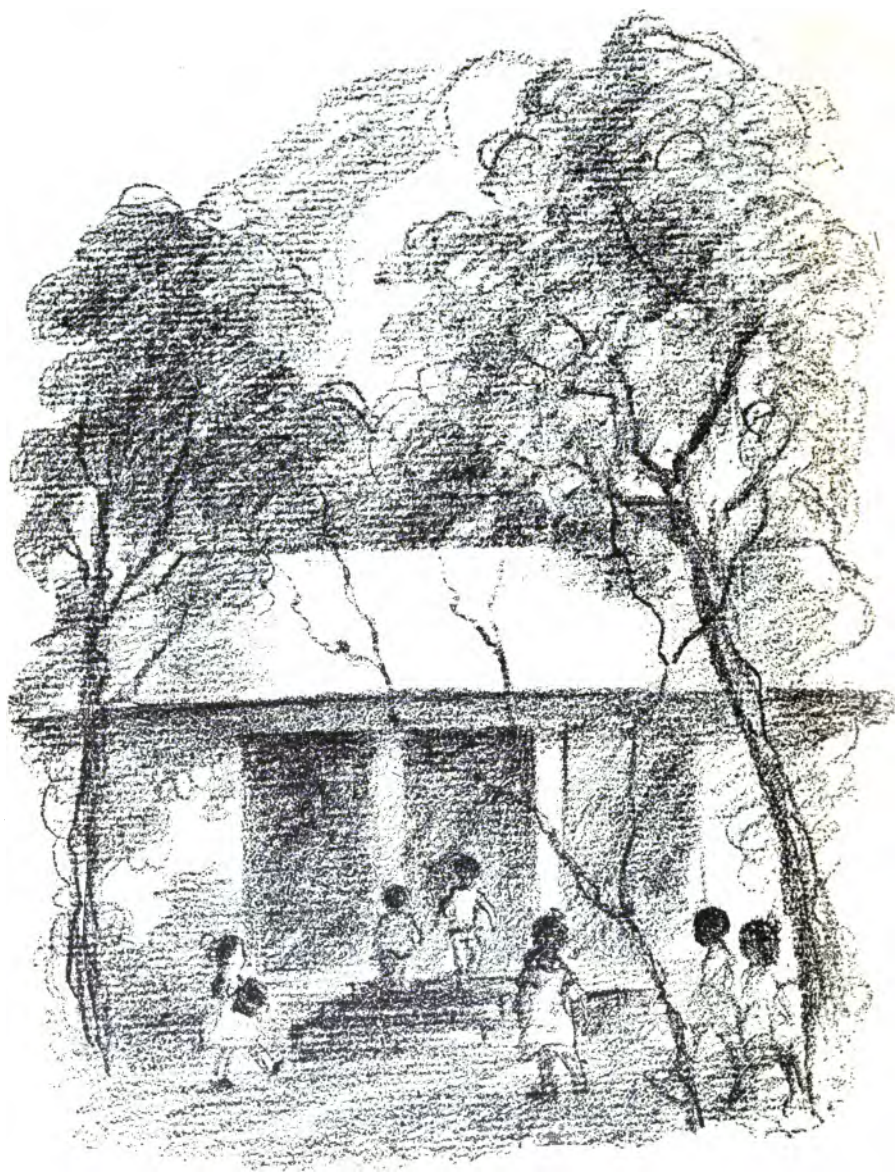
Everyone was anxious to hear what the town crier had to say. He told the people that school would begin the next Monday morning. Pablo called out the pleasant news to his mother and sister before he reached the porch.

"Oh, I am so glad!" cried Paz. "Now we shall see the Wonderful Woman again."

"I am glad, too," said Mother. "I want you children to study very hard. I want you to know what the Americans know and to learn to live as they do. I want you to find out how they do so many things that we cannot do, and why they are stronger and healthier than we are."



Next comes a little journey to school



CHAPTER IV

AT SCHOOL AGAIN

THE children thought it a long time to wait until school began. But Monday morning came at last. Almost before the bell had stopped ringing, they were on their way.

School begins very early in the morning and closes late in the afternoon; but there is a long rest in the middle of the day. The mid-day heat is so great that little work of any kind is done then. Most of the people lie down and take a nap. A sleep in the middle of the day is called a siesta.¹

The Wonderful Woman greeted her pupils kindly, and they all thought that they should love her very much. She told them her name was Miss Dale, but that they could call her "Maestra."² This is their way of saying "Teacher."

The maestra could not speak their language very well, and they could not speak hers, but there is one language that is the same in every

¹ See-es'ta.

² Mis'tra.

land. This is the language of love. The children knew at once that the maestra loved them, and the maestra knew that she was loved by the children. There is a way of knowing this when not a word is spoken. It is told by looks and acts.

The children were eager to learn, and they and the maestra knew that it would not be long till they should be able to talk together quite well. The maestra began by teaching them in this way: She would hold up a book and say very slowly, "This is a book." Then the children would repeat after her, "This is a book," until they could say it almost as plainly as their teacher.

Then she would put the book on the table and say, "*That* is a book," and they would repeat this after her as before. In this manner they soon learned the name "book" and the difference between "this" and "that."

It was not very long before Paz and Pablo had learned many words in English and could put them together so that the maestra could



understand what they wished to say. This made them very happy. Every day, when they went home, they would tell their parents what they had learned, and their parents would be happy, too, and very proud. They thought their children must be clever, indeed, to learn so well.

Perhaps you may ask why the maestra did not learn the language of the children and teach them in their own tongue, since it would seem to be better for one teacher to learn the language of all her pupils, than for all the pupils to learn the language of one teacher. But there is a reason why this is not done. It is this: There are a great many islands that make up the Philippine group. There are more than one thousand, though there are some that have no one living upon them. The people of many of the islands do not speak the same language. If Paz and Pablo were to visit some island only a short way from home, they might not be able to talk with the little children there. They would all look alike, and

dress alike, and live alike, but their speech would not be alike. This would spoil their play, and they could not have a good time together.

If the grown-up people of the different islands were to meet in some place, they could not talk together. All the people whose parents had been rich enough to send them away from home to school could speak Spanish to each other. But the others would not understand them, and could not understand each other. They could not plan together about the things that would be best for their country to do.

It would be a strange family, if one child were able to speak French only, another Spanish, and another Dutch. They could not work, or play, or plan together as they should do. It would not be like a real family. If their mother were wise, she would teach them all to speak the same language, and she would choose the one she thought the best for them to learn.

Now our country is to the country of Paz

and Pablo as a mother is to a family of boys and girls. Their country came under our charge some time ago, and we want to teach them how to live, and study, and plan, and work. We want to teach them how to take care of themselves, and how to keep away the dreadful sicknesses of which so many of them die. We want them to have a real country that will be strong and rich and free.



Let's hurry to the baleté tree!



CHAPTER V

THE BALETE TREE

ONE Saturday, late in the afternoon, Miss Dale asked Paz and Pablo to go with her for a walk. This pleased the children very much, for there was nothing they liked better than to be with their dear maestra.

"Let us go over the hill and sit on the fallen coconut tree," said Pablo. "If we sit very still we may see some monkeys. They often come down to the seashore to catch fish, when the tide is low."

"Oh, I wish we could!" said the maestra. "I have never seen a monkey in its native state."

"Well, just look up in that coconut tree over there, Maestra, and you will see one," said Paz. She was much excited to think that she was able to point out a sight of great interest to her maestra.

Pablo picked up some stones and threw them at the monkey. The monkey broke off a coconut and threw it at Pablo.

“Don’t throw stones at him any more, Pablo,” said Paz. “He will throw down all the coconuts, and they are not ours. They will only go to waste. If the owner of the tree were here, and wanted the coconuts picked, it would be a good thing the monkey was up there. He would only need to throw stones at the monkey and it would throw all the coconuts at him.”

“How funny!” said Miss Dale. “But look! look over there!” she whispered. For she saw a monkey going stealthily along the water’s edge. At last it saw what it was looking for, which was a nice large fish for its supper. The monkey scooped the fish up quickly and ran off with it behind a clump of banana plants.

The monkey that was in the tree came down, scolding at a great rate, and ran after the one that had the fish. The monkey did not come down the tree as a boy would have done, but came with its head towards the ground. Miss Dale and the children laughed.

“I hope, Mr. Robber Monkey, that you

won't get any fish unless you catch it yourself," said Miss Dale.

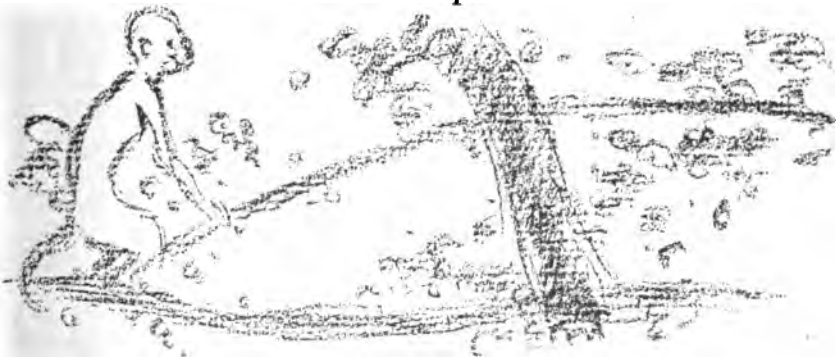
And Mr. Robber Monkey did not. Pablo's big dog, Moro, had been down on the beach by the banca when the children were starting on their walk and had not heard Pablo's whistle. When he came back to the house and found Pablo gone, he went out to look for him. He came up just as Mr. Robber began to run after the monkey with the fish. Then Moro took part and ran after Mr. Robber. Now Mr. Robber did not at all like the looks of Moro, so he ran back and clambered up the tree where he had been before.

Paz clapped her hands for joy. "Good, good!" she said. "That serves you right, Mr. Robber Monkey."

"I've a mind to punish him, and let Moro stay under that tree and keep him up there all night," said Pablo.

"I fear nothing will make the old rascal live an honest life," laughed Miss Dale.

"And it would punish Moro as much as it



would the monkey," said Paz. "Moro would want to go home and get his supper. He likes to eat as well as Mr. Robber; but he doesn't take things away from other dogs," she added.

"See what a fine tree that is over there, children," said Miss Dale. As she spoke, she pointed to a large tree a short distance away. "Let us go over and sit a while in its shade."

"Oh, Maestra!" exclaimed Pablo, "not under *that* tree."

"Why not?" she asked.

"It's the balete¹ tree, Maestra," he replied.

"Well, why can't we sit under the balete tree, Pablo?"

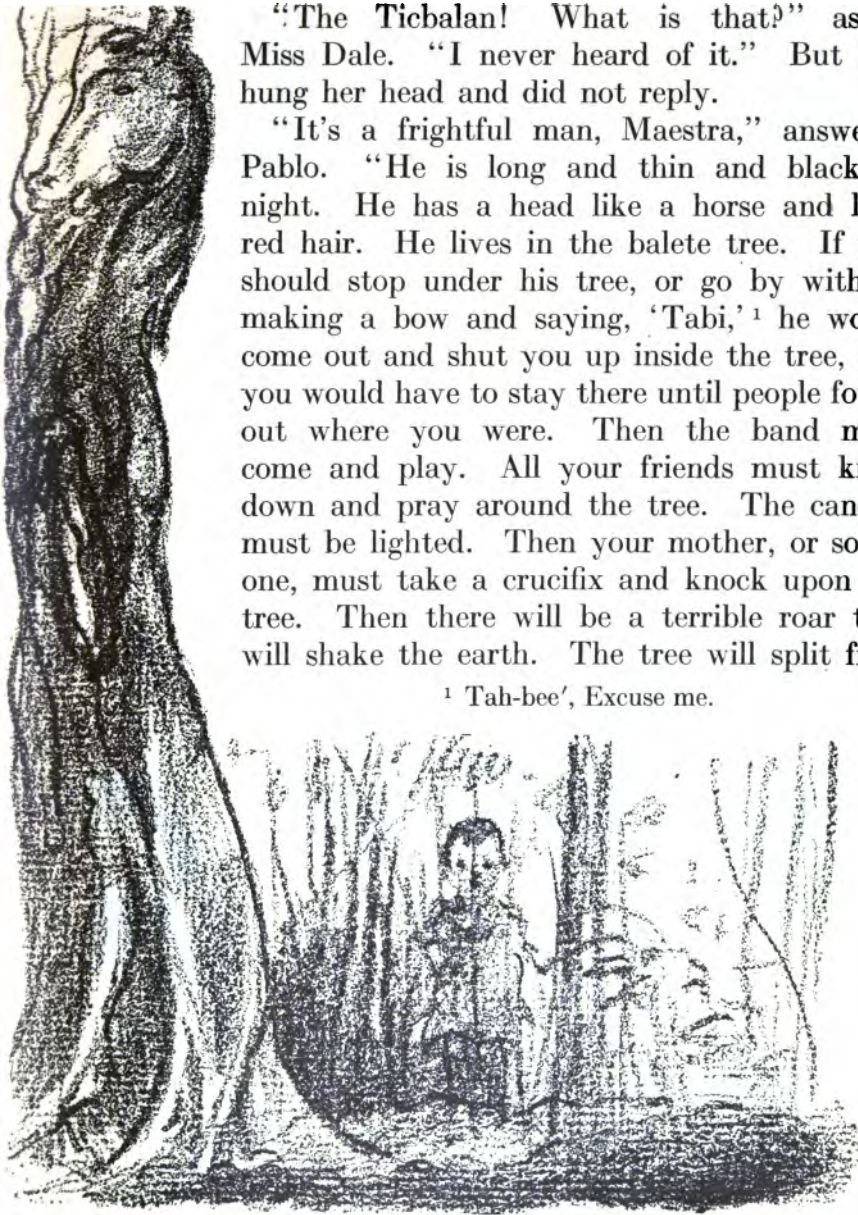
"Oh, don't you know about the balete tree?"

"No, I don't, children. What is it?"

"They say that the awful Ticbalan² lives there, Maestra," said Paz rather faintly.

¹ Bah-lay'te.

² Tik-bah-lahn'.



"The Ticbalan! What is that?" asked Miss Dale. "I never heard of it." But Paz hung her head and did not reply.

"It's a frightful man, Maestra," answered Pablo. "He is long and thin and black as night. He has a head like a horse and long red hair. He lives in the balete tree. If you should stop under his tree, or go by without making a bow and saying, 'Tabi,'¹ he would come out and shut you up inside the tree, and you would have to stay there until people found out where you were. Then the band must come and play. All your friends must kneel down and pray around the tree. The candles must be lighted. Then your mother, or someone, must take a crucifix and knock upon the tree. Then there will be a terrible roar that will shake the earth. The tree will split from

¹ Tah-bee', Excuse me.

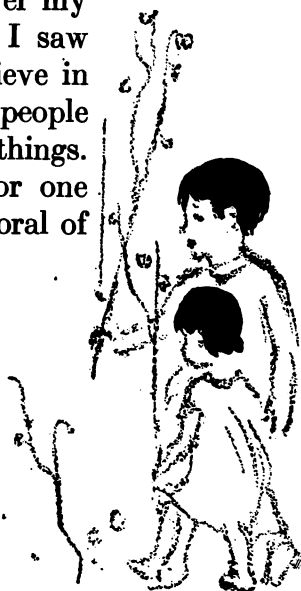
top to bottom, and you will be free. But if you go by the tree very quickly, and bow, and say, 'Tabi,' the Ticabalan will not harm you."

Miss Dale looked from one child to the other. Then she looked long at Paz. The little girl was blushing under her brown skin.

"Paz, you don't believe this terrible story, do you?" she asked.

Paz looked down at the ground. "No, Maestra, not—not really," she stammered. "But you see the other girls believe it, and they talk about it so much, that somehow I do not want to sit under the balete tree."

"I can't scold you, Paz," said Miss Dale, "though it is very foolish of you to feel so. When I was a little girl, I was told it was a sign of bad luck to see the new moon over my left shoulder, so I was afraid whenever I saw it that way, though really I did not believe in the sign. It is very queer, but there are people in every land that are silly about such things. The story of the balete tree is good for one thing, though. It has a moral. The moral of



a story is the truth that it teaches. The truth in this story is that the *good* can drive out the *bad*."

As they talked, they drew nearer the balet tree.

"Now I mean to go under that tree, and sit down and rest a while," said Miss Dale. "You will see that no dreadful thing happens. Won't you go with me?"

"Oh, Maestra! don't go," begged Pablo, but Paz was silent.

"But I wish to go," said Miss Dale. "I wish to set you free. The dread Ticbalan has shut you up inside the tree of Foolish Belief, and I want to split the tree and to get you out."

As she spoke, she went under the branches and sat down on a big stone. Pablo looked frightened. He bowed to the tree and said "Tabi," and ran on. Paz also bowed to the tree and said "Tabi," but she did not go on. She stood still for a little while, then she pressed her lips together tightly, and went



under the tree and sat down by the side of her dear maestra.

Miss Dale put her arms about Paz and kissed her. "You dear, brave child," she said. Then she called to Pablo, "See, Pablo, the Ticbalan has not got us. We are quite safe. It is very pleasant here. Perhaps I can find some cake and nuts, and a bottle of cold chocolate. What a nice place it would be to have a little picnic! Won't you come too, Pablo?"

Pablo knew about the good things the maestra sometimes carried in her bag, so he looked longingly at the balete tree. Yet it was hard to make up his mind to be brave, for the Ticbalan was such a terrible creature, they said.

"Come on, Pablo," said Paz. "There is no Ticbalan. I am sure there isn't." Her eyes were shining and she looked very bright and happy. "It makes one feel good to get over being silly," she said.

Pablo came back a step or two, then stopped. He started again and came on and on till he

came right under the dreadful balete tree and sat down beside Miss Dale and his sister.

“Good for you, Pablo!” and Miss Dale clapped her hands. “Now you can tell the boys that you have found out there is no Ticbalan and that the balete tree is a fine, beautiful tree.”

As she spoke, she spread out the good things she had brought to eat, and they had a merry time together.

Pablo did tell his schoolmates what the maestra said to tell them, and they all thought him a very brave boy. A few days later, many of the boys went with him, and they played a long while in the shade of the balete tree; and they never said “Tabi” to the old Ticbalan again.



We'll take a gift to the maestra



CHAPTER VI

A GIFT FOR THE MAESTRA

NOT long after the picnic under the balet tree Miss Dale became ill. So there was no school. The pupils were very sorry; for every day they loved the maestra more and more. They gathered on the seashore and played in the sand. They picked up beautiful shells and bathed in the surf. But still they were sad, for they could not forget that their dear friend was sick.

"I wish I could give the maestra something," said Paz, one day, to her mother. "But we are so poor I can think of nothing to give," and she sighed.

"Why do you wish to give the maestra something, Paz?" asked her mother. "Do you wish your gift to tell her we are rich and grand? Or to tell her that you think of her and love her?"

"Why, Mother, we are not rich and grand! The maestra knows that we are not. I want to give her something because I think of her and love her. Of course that is the reason."

"Then there are many things you can give her, Paz. Just think a moment. You can make many pretty things with abacá and seeds. Your gift need not be a fine one. Only it must be one that says the word 'love.'"

The children's mother had never been to school, and she had never gone ten miles from her little town, but she was often very wise.

"Oh, I know!" exclaimed Paz, after she had thought for some minutes. "I'll make her a basket out of loomis-loomis seeds, and fill it with those pretty shells we gathered when we went over to Dinagat. The maestra said they were beautiful. She likes beautiful shells. Oh, I am so glad I thought of it!"

She ran at once and got her seeds and some fine wire, and began the basket.

Pablo was in the street playing with Juan. They were pitching centavos, and Pablo was not in a very good humor. Juan had won three centavos from him, for their game was for "keeps." The boys had never been told that it was wrong to play for "keeps."

"You cheated, anyhow," said Pablo.

"I did *not* cheat," said Juan.



"You did, and you know you did!" said Pablo, "and I will not play with you any more," and he went angrily up the ladder to his home.

"Oh, Pablo," cried Paz. "See what I'm doing. It's for the maestra. Come and help me string the loomis-loomis, and then we can say *we* gave it to her. It will be nicer to say 'we' than to say 'I,' and the maestra will like it better."

But Pablo was still in a bad humor, so he frowned and said, "I don't want to give her anything. That old basket looks silly."

"Very well, Mr. Pablo, you need not help if you don't want to. No one will make you help. But the basket does *not* look silly and I shall keep on until it is done."

Paz did keep on, and a very pretty basket it was, too. It was made of loomis-loomis seeds, brown and white. Paz had strung first one kind and then the other. When it was ready, she brought her shells and picked out the ones she thought the prettiest and began to fill the basket.

Then Pablo looked 'very grave. He was sorry now that he had not helped, and he would have liked to give the maestra something, too.

Paz saw how sorry he was, so she said, "Come and help me fill the basket, Pablo. Then we can say 'we' instead of 'I' after all. You know I want to say *we* gave this to the maestra."

Pablo shook his head. He was not always a good boy, but sometimes he could be very manly, and this was one of the times. He knew he had not helped Paz to make the basket, and that it would not be right to share in the pleasure of giving it to the maestra. So he was very sad. He was so sad that he did not even notice that Bonita,¹ his pet hen, had begun to cackle very loudly.

He must have been sad, indeed, not to have noticed this; for he had been waiting a

¹ Bo-nee'ta.

long time for Bonita to lay an egg. It seemed like an age to him since his grandmother had given Bonita to him and he had made a nest for her under the house. He had filled a box with nipa leaves and put abacá on the top. Then he had bought a white glass egg from the Chinese shop on the corner and placed it in the nest. This was for a hint to Bonita to put another egg beside it, his mother said. But Bonita had not taken the hint. She just kept on scratching around the house and eating the crumbs that fell through the cracks of the floor, and she laid no egg.

Now, at last, it seemed she had made up her mind to reward Pablo for his pains, and she was telling him as loudly as she could that there was another egg beside the glass one in the box. And here was Pablo so sad that he did not even hear!

“Why, Pablo!” said his mother, “don’t



you hear Bonita? She has laid an egg. Run and get it quickly."

The mother was almost as excited as the children; and no wonder, for Bonita was their only hen. The other fowls that ran about their house belonged to their neighbors, though their father kept a gamecock tied to a post under the house. He fed it and attended to it with great care. On Sunday afternoons he would put it under his arm and take it away to fight with other cocks. Many people would gather to see the cockfights. The man whose cock won would be given some money, and he would go away feeling very proud and happy.

The children always felt very sad when their father went away with Sigbin under his arm. They were afraid the cock would be hurt or killed. Besides, Paz thought it could not be right to take part in cockfights. She thought it was cruel, and that it was wrong to gamble. But she did not like to tell her father what she thought about it, for she was but a child, and he was her father. Her father did



not seem to think it wrong; neither did other men or women. It had always been the custom of the people, and they had not been taught in any other way. "But when I grow up," thought Paz, "I shall try to make Pablo think as I do about it. And when I live in my white and yellow house, my children shall have nothing to do with cockfights."

Pablo ran down the bamboo ladder and came up with a warm, white egg in his hand.

"Oh, what a pretty one!" said Paz.

"How nice and round it is," said Mother, "and see how smooth. Bonita has done very well, indeed."

Even Little Sister looked at it with big eyes and said, "Pretty, pretty," as plainly as she could say it.

Pablo stood still a moment and turned the egg slowly around in his hands. At last he said, "Mother, may I take this egg to the maestra?"

"Why, of course you may," said his mother. "It will please her very much. I am glad you thought of it."



So they placed the egg in the basket, among the shells. How pretty it looked!

Paz danced up and down to show how glad she was. "I did not want to say 'I' brought it," she said.

The children put on their best clothes, and were soon ready to start for the maestra's. But Pablo stopped at the top of the ladder. "Oh," he said, "I have thought of something else to take. The ilang-ilang¹ is in bloom, down by the wharf. Let me go down and get some, and we will take that too."

"Oh, do, Pablo! that will be so nice. I will play with Little Sister till you come back."

Soon Pablo returned with a large bunch of ilang-ilang flowers. It was so fragrant that the whole room was filled with sweetness. Ilang-ilang grows on a tree, and Pablo had to climb for it, but he did not mind that.

The children were ready to start once more. This time it was Paz who stopped at the top of the ladder. "Now, I have thought of something," she said. "I am going to write a little letter in English, to take to the maestra. She

¹ Ee'lahng-ee'lahng.

would like that very much, I am sure. But it will take me a long time to write it. Shall you mind very much waiting a while?"

"No, I'll wait," he said. "I'll put the ilang-ilang in water so it will not fade, and the basket will keep."

"But maybe the egg won't," laughed Paz, "for it will take me so long to write a letter in English."

She ran for her pencil and paper, and at once began her happy task. She worked very hard, and it did, indeed, take her a long time. But it must be remembered that English was not her native tongue, and she was only a very little girl.

She first wrote in a long row the words she had learned in school. Then she picked from the row the words she wished to use.

Pablo grew rather tired as he waited for her to finish; but he did not want her to know it. He was proud that his sister could do such a wonderful thing as to write a letter in English. Her mother was proud, too. She stopped often in her work to look fondly upon Paz.



Paz bent over her paper and wrote away with a very earnest look. Sometimes she looked puzzled, but she worked on, and the puzzled look would go away.

At last the letter was done, and Paz gave a happy little sigh. She read it to her mother and Pablo, and they thought it the most beautiful letter that had ever been written.

It may be that if a little American girl had heard Paz, she would have laughed, for no doubt the letter would have sounded funny to her. But then, if the little American girl had studied Greek, and only for a short time, and then had tried to write a letter to some friend in far-away Greece, perhaps her letter would have sounded just as funny to the friend.

Here is what Paz wrote:

Miss Teacher, dear:

Sad we be you sick. Well we wish you soon. Study we of you much, and love we you firm and much. One egg today Bonita did laid. Pablo to you now it takes. Those wee baskets we hopes you like. From Dinagat, traveled such shells, now ourselves to you brings. Back in school-house we wish you soon be.

Your small schoolmates,

Paz and Pablo

Miss Dale was much better when the children came. She was able to see them. She did not laugh when she read the letter. Instead she felt only the love with which it was written. The tears came to her eyes as she read. "How sweet of you," she cried. "You dear children! Bless your little hearts!"



Next comes the maestra's visit



CHAPTER VII

THE MAESTRA'S VISIT

IN a few days Miss Dale was almost well, and she came to see the children in their home. This made them very happy. She was given the only chair in the house, the chair that was always given to the white padre from over the sea.

The mother could speak no English. She could only gaze at the white woman with the beautiful hair. She thought it a great thing that her children were able to talk with such a wonderful woman.

There was a picture of St. Cecilia upon the wall. The white padre had given it to her, years ago. She had always thought this saint was more beautiful than any woman she had ever seen, but now she thought Miss Dale was quite as beautiful as the saint.

Miss Dale shook hands with the mother, and they smiled at each other.

"Tell your mother, children," she said, "that I am glad to see her, and to know that she is well."

The children told this to their mother. She bowed and said, "Tell the maestra, I am glad she is better, and I am proud that she has come to our house. Tell her I will make her a cup of chocolate, and that Pablo will go to the Chinese shop for some cakes. Then she must do us the honor to eat and drink in our home."

Mother now took down the little tin box from the shelf and said "Tabi" to the maestra, and bowed again and left the room.

Pablo was very glad, now, that he had taken no centavos from the little tin box, and that they had found all that had fallen through the floor. Perhaps, if there were even one centavo less, there would not be enough to buy cakes for the maestra.

Miss Dale heard the centavos as they were shaken from the tin box. She was greatly touched, for she knew that the people were poor and that there was not always money in their homes. She wondered how she could repay these friends for their kindness to her.

As she looked about the room, her eyes

fell upon the curtains in the doorway. "Oh!" she exclaimed. "What beautiful curtains! They are made of loomis-loomis seeds, too, like my basket. Where do you get these seeds, children?"

"We get them in our rice fields out on our farm, Maestra," said Pablo.

"Oh, you have a farm, have you?" asked Miss Dale.

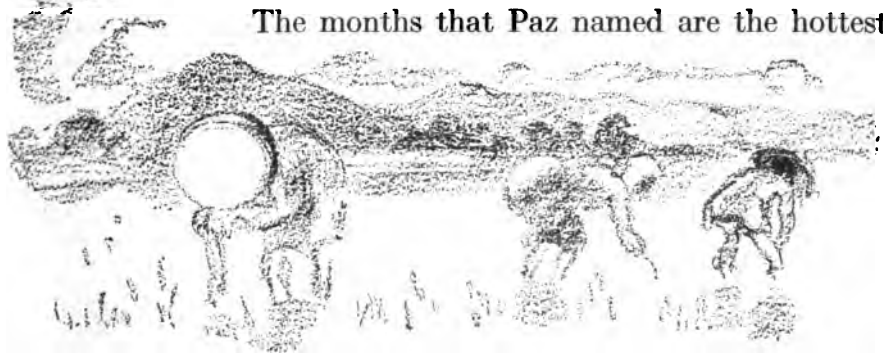
"Why, yes, Maestra, everyone — almost — has a farm," replied Paz. She thought it very strange that the maestra did not know this.

"How far away is your farm?" Miss Dale asked.

"It takes forty minutes to walk out there," answered Paz. For in their country the distance to any place is measured by the time it takes to reach it.

"We don't all go till school is out," said Paz. "Almost everyone in the town goes to the country then. The streets here will be very still and silent from April, through May, till the middle of June."

The months that Paz named are the hottest



ones of the year in her island home. It is the season of the long vacation in the schools.

As Miss Dale seemed to like to hear about their farm life, Paz tried to explain it to her.

"We plant the rice in a seed bed in the month of September, Maestra," she began.

"In December it is ready to transplant. Every plant is taken up by itself and set in the field. It would be a great task if each family were to plant its own farm all alone. But they do not work in this way. Many families will go together to one farm and set out all the plants there; and then they will all go to the next farm and plant that. They keep going from farm to farm till all the farms are planted. The band goes along and plays almost all the time. People do not grow tired when they work to music, you know.

"Then, at night, we dance and have a good



time. Pablo and I like to go to the farm, but we don't go often until school is out, only sometimes on Saturdays. But when the long vacation comes, we can stay till school begins again. Pablo and I often watch and keep the birds away from the rice."

"Do you like that? Is it not hard work?" asked Miss Dale.

"Oh, we do not mind it very much, Maestra," said Pablo. "We have a covered stand in the middle of the field. There are a great number of strings running out from the stand, all over the field. It is like the spokes of a wheel around the hub. Then a lot of dried nipa leaves are tied to these strings. Whenever we see any rice birds, we pull the string nearest to them. The leaves rattle and make a great noise and the birds are frightened away."

"And do you not become tired staying in the stand so long?" asked Miss Dale.

"Not often, Maestra," replied Paz. "Sometimes Juan comes over and watches with Pablo, while I go over and watch with some of the girls. There are many things we can do to amuse ourselves while we watch. We string loomis-loomis seeds or weave rattan, or play with little stones or shells. Mother says if we can save enough centavos, we may send by the padre to buy some books the next time he goes to Manila. Then we can read and study while we keep the birds away. But the little tin box does not fill very fast."

Mother had bought her new camisa, and now the cakes for the maestra would take all the centavos from the box; but Paz was glad the money had been spent in this way, though she did wish very much to have the books.

Miss Dale saw the wistful look come into the little face. Then she thought of something. "I wonder," she said, "if you and your mother would make some curtains for a

woman I know? She would give a great deal for them. I am sure she would give ten pesos for them. Tell your mother that if you will make them, I will give you that sum and send them to this woman."

"Ten pesos!" exclaimed Paz. "Why, Maestra! you don't mean that much!" Her eyes shone very bright, and so did Pablo's.

"Why, yes I do, ten pesos," repeated Miss Dale.

Then Pablo ran out to the kitchen to tell the good news to his mother.

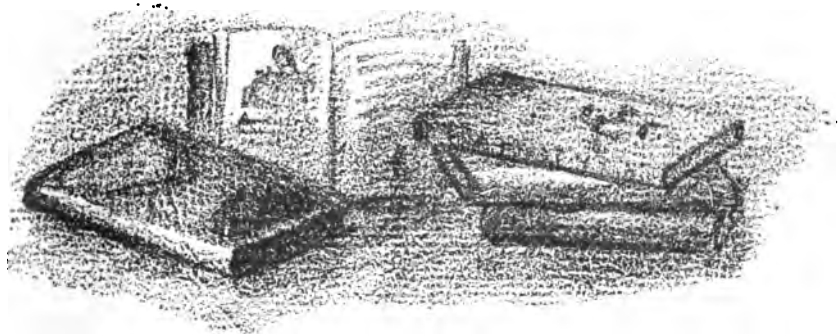
She came back with him, her face beaming with joy.

"Of course we will make the curtains, but say to the maestra that ten pesos is too much to pay for them."

"No, it is not," replied Miss Dale firmly. And so it was settled.

"Now the children can have their books. They want them so much," said Mother.

The children could hardly contain themselves, they were so happy, and Pablo thought,



perhaps, after all, he could have some sugar-cane and bod-bod, too!

Mother soon brought in the cup of chocolate and the cakes on a tin plate. Miss Dale tried very hard not to think that everything was not so clean as it might be, and she enjoyed her visit very much.

That night she wrote to her mother, far away in the homeland. This is a part of the letter she wrote:

You will like the curtains, Mother. They are lovely. I did not tell them that the woman was my mother. I was afraid they would not take the money if they knew the curtains were for you, and I did so want those dear children to have their books.



Now for the last day of school



CHAPTER VIII

THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL

NOW April had come, and it was the last day of school for the year. There were exercises to close with. Paz and Pablo's mother came, and many other mothers were there.

The children sang many pretty songs that Miss Dale had taught them. One of the songs that they liked best was the song of the *Rice Birds*. It was the song of the *Five Little Chickadees*, only Miss Dale had taught them to say "rice birds" instead of "chickadees," for the children knew nothing about chickadees, while they knew a great deal about rice birds. So their song began this way:

"Five little rice birds, sitting in a row."

Wee Pilar spoke a little jingle that she had learned. It was this:

"Juan has a mango,
Paz has another,
Pedro has two,
And so has his brother.

"Six little mangoes,
All very sweet.
They took them all home,
And had a nice treat."



Every one praised Pilar and thought she had done well for such a tiny little girl.

Juan recited *The Spider and the Fly*, in quite a brave manner.

Then Pablo spoke a piece about a great hero, named Rizal,¹ and this was the longest piece that was spoken that day. Rizal lived in their country many years ago. The people love and honor his name as the name of George Washington is loved and honored in the United States. Miss Dale was pleased with Pablo. She thought he had spoken very nicely. His mother and Paz thought that no one else in the whole school had done so well as he.

Paz recited a little poem about some children who were lost in a snowstorm, and who had a hard time to find their way home. She wanted to recite this as if she knew all about snow, and not at all — which was the fact — as if she had never seen any in all her life. Miss Dale had once tried to tell her what snow was like. “If all the clouds in the sky were filled with white sugar,” she said, “and it should come sifting down some day, and cover all the earth until

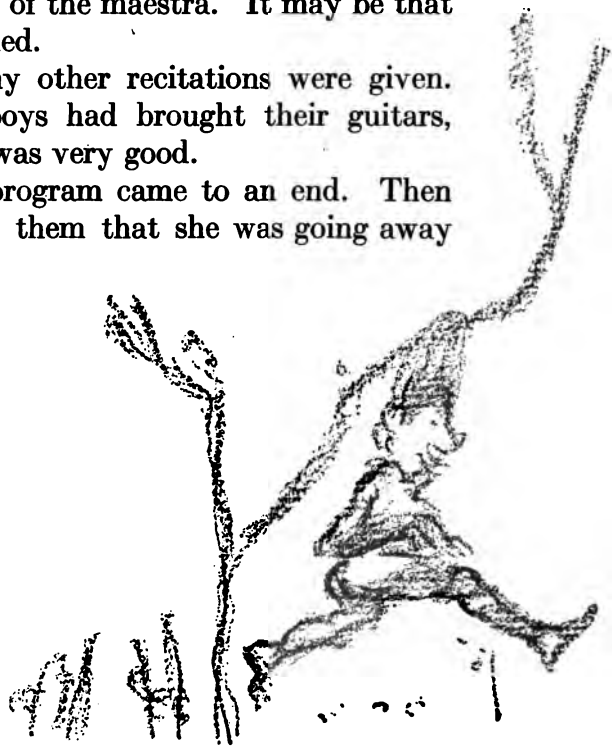
¹ Ree-sahl’.

the ground was white, it would be something like a snowstorm in my land."

Paz was thinking of this when she was reciting her poem. She was thinking of it so hard that she forgot and said "sugar" once, when she should have said "snow." She said the children "waded in sugar up to their little knees." Paz was very much ashamed when she made this mistake, and she looked around to see if anyone laughed; but she could not see that anyone did. Miss Dale had turned and was looking out of the window, so Paz could not see the face of the maestra. It may be that Miss Dale smiled.

A great many other recitations were given. Some of the boys had brought their guitars, and the music was very good.

At last the program came to an end. Then Miss Dale told them that she was going away



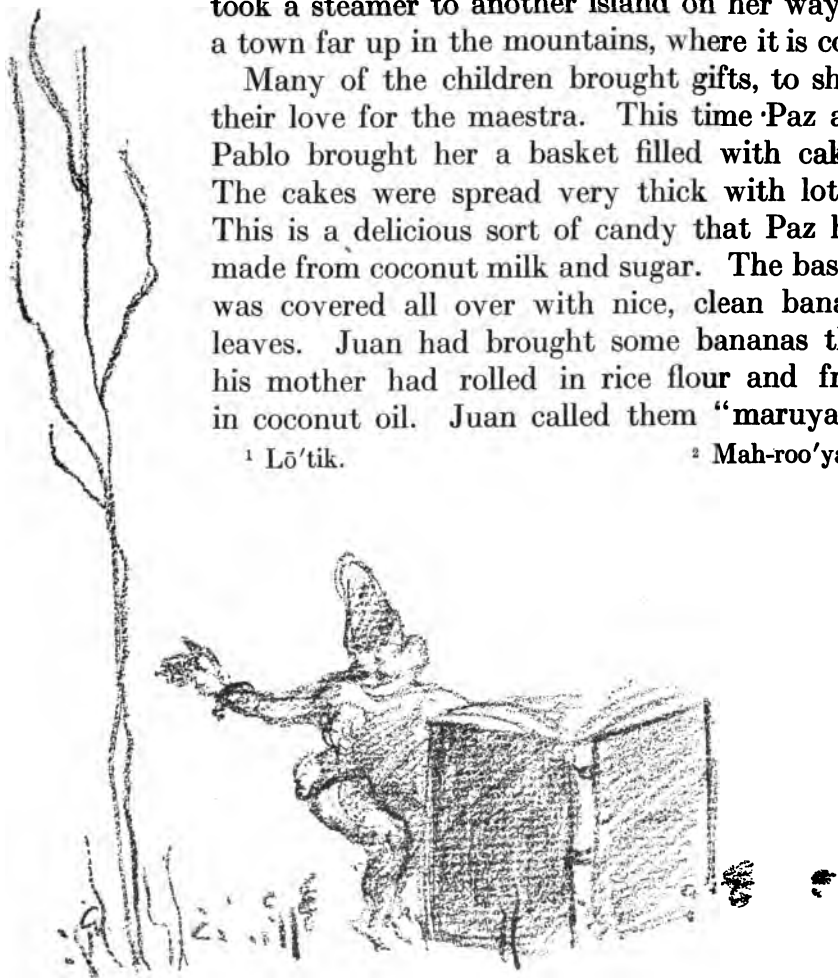
that night. But she would be gone only till school began again. Then she would come back. Everyone was glad when she said she would come back.

A little later all her pupils and many other friends went with her to the wharf. There she took a steamer to another island on her way to a town far up in the mountains, where it is cool.

Many of the children brought gifts, to show their love for the maestra. This time Paz and Pablo brought her a basket filled with cakes. The cakes were spread very thick with lotik.¹ This is a delicious sort of candy that Paz had made from coconut milk and sugar. The basket was covered all over with nice, clean banana leaves. Juan had brought some bananas that his mother had rolled in rice flour and fried in coconut oil. Juan called them "maruya."²

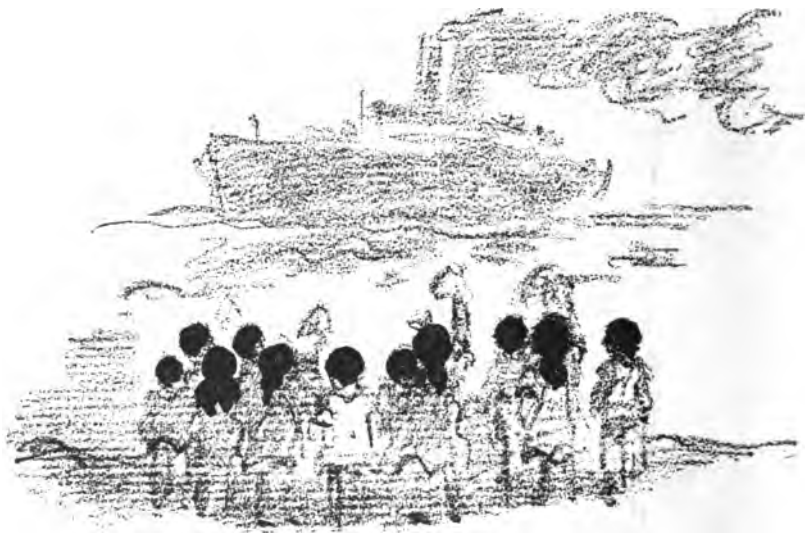
¹ Lō'tik.

² Mah-roo'ya.

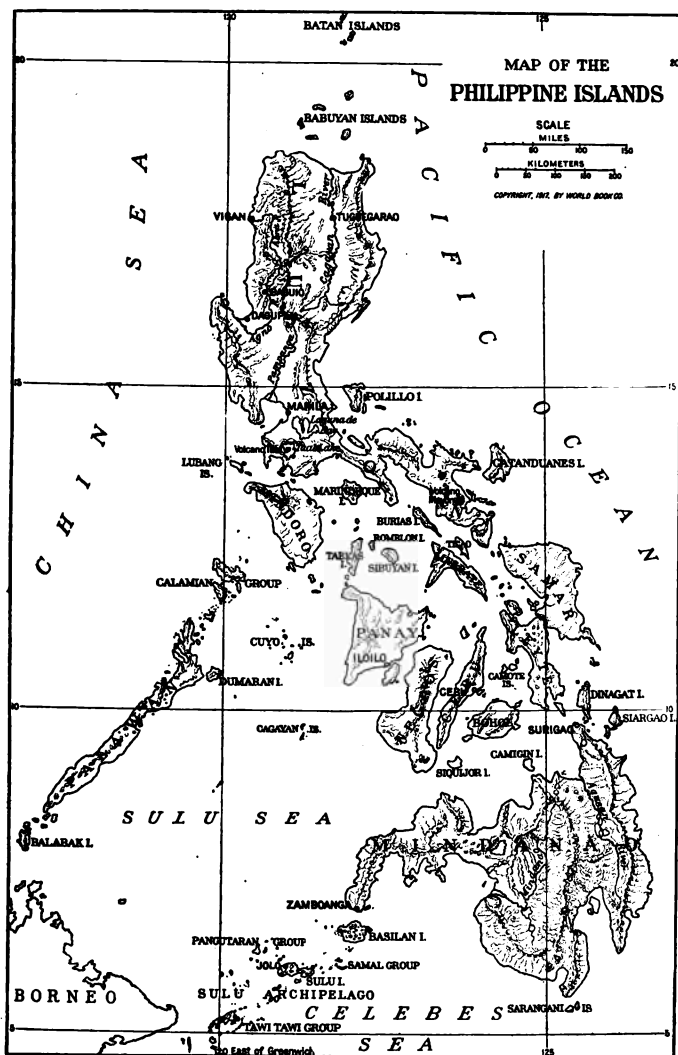


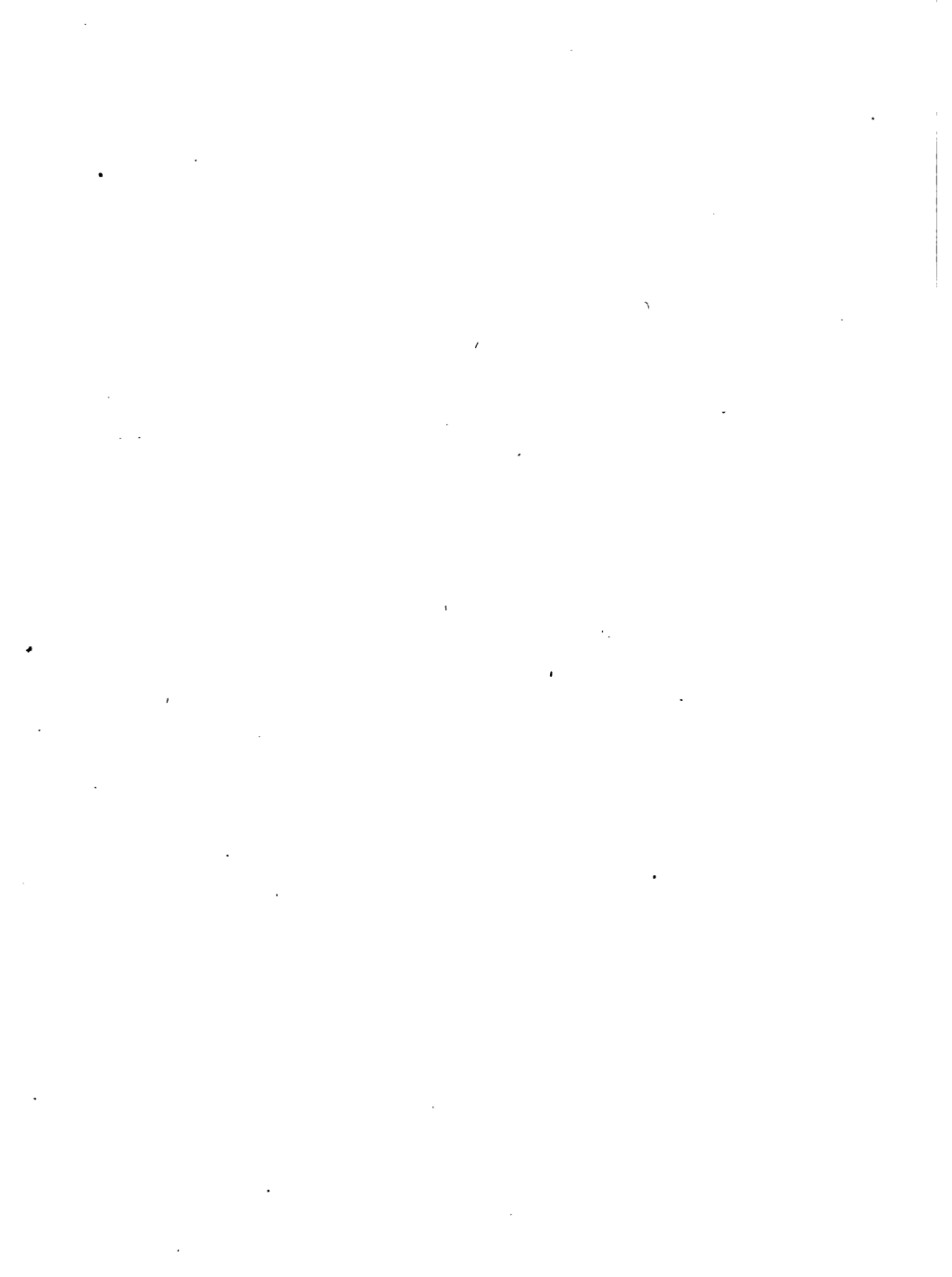
There were so many presents that Miss Dale scarcely knew where to put them all. She was greatly touched that the people loved her so much and were so kind and good to her. "What warm, loving hearts they have!" she thought.

At last the steamer moved out upon the water. The children stood upon the shore and called out, "Goodby, Maestra, goodby!" As long as she could see them, Miss Dale waved to them from the deck and called back, "Goodby, dear hearts, goodby, goodby!"



Goodby, dear hearts, goodby!





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